

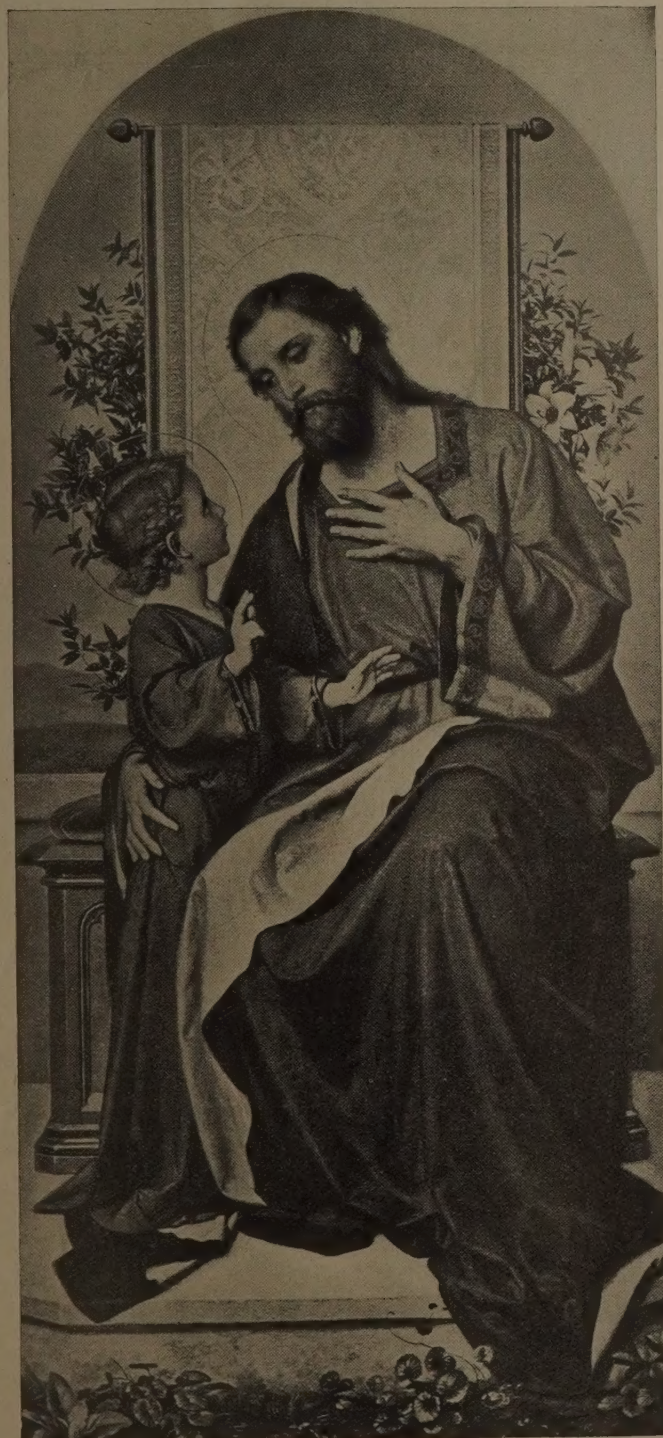
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1914

NUMBER 23



CHILD JESUS AND ST. JOSEPH—MUELLER.

When Jesus was a Little Boy.

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

WHEN Jesus was a little boy,
I often wonder whether
He played the same bright, merry games
We children play together.

I wonder if he had a hoop,
An engine, and a ball,
And marbles, and a pocket-knife,—
I hope he had them all!

But, though I may not ever know
What games he had to play,
I know just *how* he played his games,—
He played them Jesus' way.

So he was generous and kind
And fair to every one;
And we can play in Jesus' way,
And have the best of fun.

The Reward of Merit.

BY S. G. MOSHER.

"OH, dear," cried May glancing out of the window as she heard the front gate click, "here's Aunt Mary coming in, and I just know she wants me to look after Harold again this evening! That is the second time this month. And she has a girl, too. Why can't Bridget look after Harold?"

"But you know, May," answered her sister Helen, "that Aunt Mary doesn't trust this new girl. She is afraid Bridget might go out, and lock Harold in the house alone. And wouldn't it be dreadful if he were burned to death, like that child we read about in the papers yesterday?"

"Well, why can't people stay at home and look after their own children?" grumbled May. But she had no time to say more; for just then the door of the sitting-room opened, and her mother and aunt entered.

"May," said Mrs. Fraser, "your Uncle Tom wants your aunt to go with him to a lecture to-night, and she doesn't want to leave Harold alone with Bridget. Won't you go over to her house for the evening? Your uncle will bring you home after the lecture."

"Oh, Aunt Mary," said May, "I'm so sorry, but I don't see how I can. You see I have to get up my German translation for to-morrow. I'm several lessons behind the class, and Miss Fullerton was quite cross about it last period."

"But Harold goes to bed right after supper, and likely he will be asleep before we leave. He's a quiet little fellow, if he is only three years old. The only thing is, we have only had Bridget a short time, and I'm afraid she is not very trustworthy. So I don't like to leave her alone with Harold. But, if you really feel that you can't spare the time," she added, with a glance at May's sulky face, "perhaps Helen will come?"

Helen hesitated for a moment: She had intended to ask her mother if she might spend this evening at the home of her great friend, Ethel Grey. But the disappointed look left her face almost before it had appeared there.

"Why, yes, Aunt Mary," she said, with a glance at Mrs. Fraser. "If mother is willing, I shall be glad to take care of Harold."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Fraser, "of course you may go."

"Well, Helen," said May, when her mother and aunt had left the room, "since you're so fond of taking care of Harold, you may do it all the time. After all, he's your cousin as well as mine. But I thought you were going to Ethel Grey's to-night?"

"So I was, and of course I'm sorry about that; but, after all, I can go there some other time. I know Aunt Mary is anxious to go to this lecture of Dr. Stoddart's, because the doctor is an old college friend of Uncle Tom's. He met him when he was studying in Germany."

"Oh, that reminds me," said May. "I heard father tell mother to-day that very likely Uncle Tom's firm will send him to Germany for a year, to look after their business there. Likely Aunt Mary will go with him. Some people do have luck. I'd give anything for a year in Germany."

"Well," was Helen's practical answer, "just at present you had better spend an hour on your German lesson, or you'll be in trouble again to-morrow."

When Helen reached her aunt's house that evening, she found her uncle and aunt just ready to leave. Harold was already asleep, and he slept like a top all the evening. Helen had plenty of time to prepare her lessons for next day. When the last task was finished, she let her book fall on her knee and stared into the open fire. She was thinking about what May had told her regarding their uncle going to Germany, and almost felt inclined to echo her sister's complaint, that some people were more lucky than others. Helen had always known that she and May must earn their own living, and she was now looking forward to becoming a teacher. What a difference a year in Germany would make in her prospects of getting a good position! Well, when she once began to earn money, she must save, and some time she would be able to afford a year abroad.

Five or six times during the next two weeks Helen was asked to take care of Harold, and she always consented pleasantly, although sometimes she could not help the thought that her aunt was asking too much of her. Harold did not always sleep throughout the evening, and twice Helen had to rise before daylight to finish lessons that should have been prepared the night before. Once, too, she had to give up a Saturday afternoon to Harold, while his mother went shopping. This was a real sacrifice, as she had been invited to go out in the country with the Greys, in their automobile. But she responded so pleasantly to her aunt's request that she thought no one knew how disappointed she was.

When Helen came home from school the Monday following, she found her aunt with her mother in the sitting-room.

"Ah, here is one of the girls now," said Mrs. Fraser, as Helen entered. "Helen, your aunt has just been telling me great news. Your Uncle Tom is to go to Berlin for a year, to establish a branch office for his firm. Of course your aunt and Harold will go with him. As you know, your aunt can't

speak German, and your uncle is afraid she will be lonely if she has no one with whom she can speak English, and so he has asked me if I will let one of you girls go. I have said that I am willing, but that your aunt must herself choose which of you is to go."

Of course, thought Helen, May will be the lucky one. People always asked May first: if they couldn't get her, they turned to Helen as second best. Even in this matter of taking care of Harold her aunt had asked May first. For a moment Helen let her thoughts dwell on what this chance would mean to her, but only for a moment.

"Oh, how glad May will be!" she cried. "She is so anxious to get on with her German, and now she will be able to get such a good accent."

Mrs. Fraser looked at her sister. "You tell her, Mary," she said.

"Helen, dear," said Aunt Mary, "it is you I shall ask, not May. Would you like to come?"

For a moment Helen could not speak for sheer delight. To think that her dream should come true!

"Oh, Aunt Mary!" she cried. "Do you mean it? But I thought, of course, you would ask May. Everybody always asks her first."

"Well, I did ask her first," answered Aunt Mary, smiling.

"And she refused? Why, how funny! I can't understand it."

"I asked her, but not exactly in the way you think, Helen. First I asked her to take care of Harold for me, and she made you do it. Six times in the last fortnight she has refused to help me, and turned Harold over to you. Last Saturday I gave her another chance, but she said she was going to a picnic with some of her school friends. I knew you, too, were invited to go out with the Greys, yet you gave up your own pleasure to help me. I like you both very much, but for the next year I shall be very dependent on the society of the niece I take with me, and I feel that you will be a more dependable companion than May."

"Oh, Aunt Mary," said Helen, "it seems too good to be true. But how disappointed poor May will be!"

"We are sorry for May's disappointment," said her mother; "but for some time both your father and I have been anxious about May's growing selfishness, and we think this lesson will be good for her. And now, do you know why your aunt went shopping Saturday? She was buying a travelling outfit for you. You'll find all the things on your bed, and I think you'll like them."

"How can I ever thank you, Aunt Mary?" asked Helen. "Oh, I will try to be a pleasant companion for you."

"I'm sure you will, Helen," said her aunt. "And now run along and try on your new clothes."

Be Ready.

OPPORTUNITY will some day ring your bell:

Be ready.

She will not inquire if you are ill or well;

She will not stand waiting there

While you hasten to prepare;

She must hurry to where anxious others dwell.

Be ready.

Driftwood.

The Orange.

BY GRACE A. CANNON.

EDDIE BROWN is one of a large family of children living not far from my house. His efforts toward the support of his younger brother and sisters are surprising when one considers he is only nine years old and rather small at that.

Every morning before going to school he comes and brings from the cellar two small hods of coal (I caution him to not quite fill them, so he will not overtax his small frame) and a basket of kindling wood. He also carries a number of small rugs from the dining-room and kitchen to the piazza, where he sweeps them thoroughly and arranges them in place again. For all this he receives fifty cents a week.

One morning I had left from breakfast a particularly large, fine-looking orange. It lay on the kitchen table while Eddie passed back and forth doing his "chores." I thought I saw his eyes glance in the direction several times.

"Here, Eddie," I said, taking up the fruit and passing it to him, "wouldn't you like this nice orange? It will be just the thing for you to take to school and have for a luncheon at recess."

"Geel!" he exclaimed, taking the orange as he politely thanked me. "Most all the boys bring apples for recess 'cept Sonny Hitchcock. Didn't he have the biggest orange at school yesterday, though? Biggest one I ever saw—'cept *this* one," he added, passing his hands all over the fruit with great elation.

"Well," I said, "I'm glad you have as big an orange as Sonny. Now put it in your pocket and enjoy it when recess time comes."

At night Eddie's sister Flora came in while I was helping to prepare supper. Two or three times each week one of the children comes and takes home the leftovers from our pantry to help toward a rather scanty table supply. Often Flora, Ethel, or Conny sits down in the chair in the pantry and converses with me a few moments.

"That orange was awfully nice," began Flora, as I was filling a basket for her.

"The orange?" I repeated, a little confused for the moment. "What orange do you mean, Flora?"

"Why, the big orange you gave Eddie this morning. It was awfully nice," she reiterated, seeming to enjoy the recollection.

"Didn't Eddie take it to school?" I asked, remembering then the little incident.

"Oh, yes," she answered promptly; "he carried it to school, and, when recess came, he took it from his pocket, too, and showed it to Sonny Hitchcock and all the other boys, and they just looked and looked and *looked!* But Eddie didn't *eat* it," she added, seeming quite ready to acquaint me with all the details.

"What *did* he do with it, Flora?" I inquired, feeling disappointed and a little fearful that Eddie did not always enjoy the good things that came his way.

"He brought it home. There are *eight* of us," she went on, a little excitedly,—"mother, Walter, Maud, Conny, Eddie, Francis, Ethel, and myself. So Eddie divided it into eight pieces and we all had some. It tasted awfully good," she assured me for the third time as she took the basket from my hands and started for home.



The Snowdrop.

CLOSE to the sod
There can be seen
A thought of God
In white and green.
Unmarred, unsoiled,
It cleft the clay
Serene, unspoiled,
It views the day.

It is so holy
And yet so lowly,
Would you enjoy
Its grace and power,
And not destroy
The living flower?
Then you must, please,
Fall on your knees.

ANNA BUNSTON, in "Songs of God and Man."

Fuzzy's Flying Machine.

Once upon a time in Wormland lived little Fuzzy Caterpillar. He was a queer fuzzy-fuzzy sort of a chap, who crawled along the ground with his nose down, and his little feet keeping right straight ahead. Once in a while, when he grew very tired crawling, he took a swing in the willow tree just for a change.

None of the other little worms of Wormland understood Fuzzy. He never seemed to want to play games with them or stand and talk about the neighbor worms. He never was busy doing anything—he just crawled and swung, and swung and crawled.

"What a queer fellow!" said Sister Anglemorm. "Why doesn't he get at something? He'll never become famous crawling over the ground all his life with his nose down."

"I've never seen such a fellow," said Borey Worm, as he peeped from an apple which had fallen from its beautiful tree home, because Borey had been making his home in it when he had no business there.

"I couldn't stand being such a lazy, fat, woolly creature," said Hookey Fish Worm. "He doesn't even wiggle."

"He hasn't enough energy to wiggle," answered Slimy Snail,—as they gossiped together. "Why on earth doesn't he shed that heavy coat in the summer?"

"He has been shedding coats right along," said Hookey. "Haven't you noticed the different colors of his coats? But each one seems to get heavier. Just watch him. He has a new one every few days."

"Well, all that worries me is his laziness," said Sister Anglemorm. "I just wish he'd get at something."

Fuzzy only crawled along, smiling at all that the little worms had to say about him.

"I wonder whether I am lazy?" said he.

"I can't work at silly things like eating holes in leaves or hiding away in apples, so that I can bore my way into the sunlight. I want to do something worth while. Some day I'll surprise them, and then they won't think I am sleepy and lazy. Folks who want to become great have to spend some time thinking."

So he spent his days crawling along, and his nights resting. One day he had a wonderful thought.

"I have a funny feeling under this thick coat of mine," said he. "Something tells me that, if I tried, I could fly some day. Why can't I invent a flying machine? If only I can do that, they won't make fun of me."

And he kept on crawling, never minding what the other little worms had to say, shedding coat after coat, and eating everything he could find to make him strong. One day he climbed into the willow tree for a swing.

"Guess I might as well begin my work," said he. "This is a good place. The little bugs and worms can't bother me up here with their silly talk."

Little by little he let himself down from the tip of a leaf, spinning a long silk thread. Little by little the thread grew thicker as Fuzzy went down. Little by little he spun around and around until he had woven a beautiful silk bag. Then he got in the centre of it, and spun himself close into a little silk bed.

"I like this work," said Fuzzy. "My, but it is interesting! I wish I could do more, but I am so sleepy. Guess I'll try my cocoon bed, and take a nap. Perhaps if I do, my dream may come true. If it does, won't I surprise Borey and Hookey and Slimy! I do hope I will. I've—been—working—very—h-a-r-d."

And Fuzzy slept in his cocoon bed,
His queer silk covers drawn over his head.

There he stayed for many weeks. Uncle Sun watched over his bed by day, and Aunt Moon and the star babies twinkled at him all night. As for the little worms of Wormland they gazed up at his funny bed, which looked so much like a silk ball, and thought he was done for,—for how could he breathe in such a place?

"We always knew he never would amount to anything," they said one day as they talked together.

But up in the willow-tree Fuzzy was awakening. My! but he felt funny. Not a bit like crawling down to his worm friends. He stretched himself—then

Off flew the covers from over his head,
And down fell the sides of his queer cocoon bed,

and out into the world, right through the air, flew Fuzzy, seated in the most wonderful, brightest-colored aeroplane in the world. So quickly, so easily he flew, that he almost forgot his name had even been Fuzzy Caterpillar, for the birds of the air were shouting, "Look at Swifty Butterfly and his flying machine!"

And the little worms of Wormland? Well, you never saw such a lot of excited, wiggling creatures as they were! Hookey Fish Worm came crawling up to Slimy Snail's cottage door.

"Look overhead, will you?" said he. "Isn't that Fuzzy Caterpillar we used to make fun of here in the village? That lazy fellow?"

"That's who it is," shouted Slimy. "Say, Fuzzy, where'd you get that flying machine?"

"Made it—made it—made it! Thought it out while I was crawling around, while you fellows gossiped," answered Fuzzy, as he sat drinking a honey soda in the Rose Bush Restaurant.

Then away he flew from one flower town to another, drinking honey cups everywhere, and the little worms watched how the birds played with him.

"Who ever would have dreamed that Fuzzy would be so famous?" said Hookey Fish Worm.

"Who indeed?" echoed the other little worms of Wormland.

EDNA GROFF DEHL,
in the Sunday School Times.

The Value of Song.

BETTER be singing than sighing,
Whenever a thing goes wrong,
For often our troubles go flying
Away on the wings of song.

Better be smiling than weeping
Over the cares of life,
For tears have them all in keeping,
And lengthen the bitter strife.

Sing, and your load seems lighter;
Smile, and the shadows flee
As the gray old world grows brighter
When the sunshine floods the lea.

God's in His world above us;
Friends are both near and dear;
And, as long as true hearts love us,
We can have heaven here.

So sing in the time of trouble,
As the robin sings in the rain,
And care, like a bursting bubble,
Will pass with the song's refrain.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

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Faith and Knowledge.

BOB was home from college, and the family was gathered about the Sunday dinner table. "During the sermon," said Bob, "I kept thinking of the difference between Dr. Brown's point of view and that of the department of science at college. I never hear 'faith' mentioned in a class-room. There the word is 'knowledge.' They want to know, and they set to work and find out. Dr. Brown was mainly concerned with what we don't know and never can know on earth. I must say the method of college seems more reasonable."

Mrs. Metcalf, with a troubled face, turned to her husband. Bob's father did not seem overwhelmed, however. "No sane man would choose to live by faith if he had the means of going by knowledge," he said calmly. "The difficulty is we know so little. Tell me, Bob, what does your professor really know? He knows a little of a few laws of the universe, such as gravity and the conservation of energy. He knows a few mathematical truths. He knows a number of things that have happened in the past. But what any living person is going to do in the future he never can know, and our lives are largely dependent upon what any number of individuals will do in the future. If we are going to do anything at all, we are compelled to live by the principle of faith."

"When your professor buys a railway ticket, he does so in faith that the railway will carry him where he wants to go. All commerce is founded upon faith. The panic of 1907 showed how business stops without faith. There was as much money and energy during the panic as there was before. The only thing that was lacking was faith."

"Affection is wholly a matter of faith. The better reason I can give for being a man's friend, the less of a friend I really am. If I am his friend because he is rich or powerful or clever, no one would call that friendship. If I am his friend at all, I am so in response to a mysterious voice within me that bids me love him."

"So of morality. Every moral act is an act of faith. Suppose I can steal a thousand dollars without chance of detection? Why don't I take it? Because I have faith in the mysterious voice within me that says I must not. No man knows what that voice is, yet all decent men prefer to obey rather than disobey it, and receive a great reward."

"The religious man goes one step farther. In the midst of all the difficulties and suffering of life mankind hears an inward voice

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

MADISON, N.J.

Dear Miss Buck,—There is no Unitarian church in Madison, so I do not go to Sunday school, but I read and enjoy *The Beacon* every week. It is very interesting, and the "Book Table" helps me to choose good books if I have been given money to buy them.

I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. My friends all have their clubs of the church and can write verses, essays, etc., to their papers, but I cannot. What must I do to be a member?

Yours sincerely,

EMLINE PLUM.
(Age twelve.)

Will not some of our girls write to this new member of our Club and make her feel that she is really one of a large group and not so much alone as she thinks? She has already received the Club button.

HUMBOLDT, IA.

My dear Miss Buck,—When we got the Sunday-school paper last Sunday and saw the letters written by the little class, our teacher said she would like to have us write you a letter.

I like Sunday school very much. I made a New Year's resolution to try and go to Sunday school every Sunday of the new year. We have not a very large class, but we have a very nice teacher.

that says we are not alone nor friendless, although no man call us friend. There is Some One Who cares, Who wants to come near and help us over the hard places of life. We can prove the reality of that Voice, no more and no less, than we can prove the reality of morality and friendship. Every race and every age has felt that something tugging at their hearts. Christ's message was: 'The instinct of your heart is true! There is Some One greater and more loving than man has ever dreamed!' Are you going to live without faith, Bob?"

"Why, father," said Bob, "it would not be possible!"

Mrs. Metcalf was winking fast, but in her heart were thanksgiving and peace.

Youth's Companion.

RECREATION CORNER.

A FRUIT SALAD.

Take 1/6th of banana,
1/4th of pear,
1/5th of apple,
1/7th of apricot,
1/11th of pomegranate,
1/6th of orange.

Mix well, mould into shape, and get something that is served regularly to many children.

GRACE E. LUSTIG.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 5, 6, is a thing that a child enjoys.
My 7, 9, 8, is a boy's nickname.
My 10, 11, 12, 15, is a fixed look.
My 4, 13, 14, is something wheat is kept in.
My 2 is a letter in hexangular.
My 3 is a vowel.
My whole is much liked by boys.

ARTHUR SMITH AND SISTER.

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

I like to read *The Beacon* very much, as there are very interesting stories in it.

We have a very nice band in our Sunday school. There are about fourteen boys in it. One of my brothers plays in the band. We had a Sunday-school party last night in the basement of our church. Our band furnished the music for dancing. We all had a very nice time. We are going to have a Sunday-school party every month or six weeks.

Sincerely yours,

GLADYS THOMAS.

This letter will recall to many the interesting picture of the Humboldt Boys' Band, which was published in one of the May numbers last year.

The following letter adds to our Club a sixth member in far-away Scotland.

DUNDEE, SCOTLAND,
60 Main Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian Church and Sunday school: Rev. H. Williamson is our minister. On Monday night I attend Bible class. This week we read the account of Dr. Edward Everett Hale in *The Beacon* of Sunday, January 4, and found it very interesting.

Mr. Williamson told us he had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Hale when he was visiting America. I like *The Beacon* very much.

Yours truly,

ANNIE T. WHAMOND.

ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 2, 1, 7, 6, is a part of a sloop.

My 8, 10, 11, 9, is a species of bird.

My 3, 5, 6, 9, is Christmas tide.

My 2, 4, 7, 6, is earth.

My whole is one of Shakespeare's plays.

OLIVE NORTHRUP,
and
KATHERINE BADGER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

ENIGMA XLIV.—The Doctor.

A CONUNDRUM TRIP.—1. Fall River. 2. Tarrytown. 3. Sing-Sing. 4. Troy. 5. Saratoga. 6. Washington. 7. Chicago. 8. Omaha. 9. Key West. 10. Baltimore. 11. Wheeling. 12. Newark. 13. Columbus. 14. Salt Lake City. 15. New Orleans.

A CONUNDRUM.—Heroine.

ENIGMA XLV.—Liverpool.

With words I may show my character to my enemies and my heart to my friends.

Saying of an Arab Sheik.

Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group VIII. Must be received before April 1.

1. Story or Essay: "By Wireless."

2. Verse: "In Springtime."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group IX. Must be received before May 1.

1. Story or Essay: "How I earned my First Dollar."

2. Verse: "Somebody's Child."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group X. Must be received before June 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My Best Summer Vacation."

2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.